

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Passages between inverted Commas, are necessarily omitted in Representation. The third Song in the third Act is written by a Friend of the Author's, and two others have before appeared in Print.

UNIVERSITY

[illegible]

643.e.14

Appearance is against Them. ⁴

A

F A R C E,

I N T W O A C T S,

AS IT IS ACTED

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL,

COVENT GARDEN.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON, PATERNOSTER ROW, 1785.

Appearance is against them.

J. A. R. C. A. R.

IN TWO ACTS

AS IT IS

Entered at Stationers Hall.

OF THE TWO ACTS

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. B. L. & CO. 10, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

1811.

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P R O L O G U E.

BEFORE this court our Authorefs you'll allow,
 Must feel—a simile shall tell you how—
 And doing what good squires wou'd do of course,
 Compare we thus our Lady to a horse.
 Suppose some pony then, of make and blood,
 In jockey phrase, a little bit but good;
 Who, beating all competitors in pace,
 Had won the whip of many a country race;
 Urg'd by its master, or the love of gain,
 Should this our poney seek Newmarket's plain.
 How soon might all its little honours fade,
 Sunk on “The Flats,” or sticking in “Choak-jade.”

Fancy Newmarket then the scene you see,
 You are “the knowing ones” the pony she—
 Has she not then well-founded cause to dread—
 Speak, would ye bet the odds upon her head.

But, simile apart, the fact is this,
 The day has been she has not done amiss;
 But praise has made her tim'rous more than vain,
 And late success augments the present pain.
 A woman—there's indulgence in the name—
 A widow too—that gives a stronger claim.
 If she should fall, she falls as women do,
 “Like stars,” successful she may rise anew.

The Ladies, sure, will not their aid withdraw,
 Whose smile is triumph, and whose looks are law.
 The Beaux—if wits there are among such men—
 May gladly claim acquaintance with her pen.
 Some Bard, perhaps, who thrives by opposition,
 Might form a kind of scribbling coalition.
 Her aid, in odes, probationary cite,
 —Those odes, which Poets-laureat never write;
 Whose soft court small-talk flows in numbers bland,
 And greatly sports at question and command—
 Here law, with open hand and ready mouth,
 There Scotch, that never reach'd beyond the South.
 Great Indian names, that mock articulation,
 And Irish wit, of English fabrication.
 If Wit and Beauty then for us write,
 Who will deny their powerful aid to-night.—

Will

P R O L O G U E.

Will you, gay Gods, refuse your broad-brim'd smile,
From painted skies, and stars of patent oil;
Or you, who boast below a snugger birth,
Ye midway Deities 'twixt heaven and earth—
I see you're kind—our thanks are due for that;
I find you've not forgot—"I'll tell you what."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Walmisley,	Mr. QUICK:
Lord Lighthead,	Mr. PALMER.
Clownly,	Mr. KENNEDY.
Thompson,	Mr. THOMPSON.
Servant to Lord Lighthead,	Mr. SWORDS.
Servant to Lady Mary,	Mr. LEDGER.
Humphry,	Mr. EDWIN.

Lady Mary Magpie,	Mrs. WEBB.
Lady Loveall,	Mrs. BATES.
Miss Angle,	Mrs. MORTON.
Miss Audley,	Miss STEWART.
Betty,	Mrs. DAVENETT.
Fish,	Mrs. WILSON.

Appearance is against Them.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Miss ANGLE and FISH discovered.

Miss ANGLE. **T**HERE's somebody at the door, Fish—'tis Lady Mary Magpie—let her in—even her ridiculous vanity is more supportable than the reflection on my own.

FISH. Lady Mary, ma'am. (*Opens the door.*)

Enter Lady MARY.

Miss ANGLE. Good-morrow, dear Lady Mary.

Lady MARY. Nay, sit still—and, Mrs. Fish, do you stay.—I have brought something to shew your mistress, and you may see it too, if she will give you leave.

B

Miss

2 APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM.

Miss ANGLE. Certainly.—Fish, you may stay.

Lady MARY. There! (*Opening a shawl.*) What do you think of that?—A present from Mr. Walmsley—a shawl, worth at a moderate valuation, no less than a hundred and fifty guineas.—He gave it me this minute—it came over but last night from India—has been on the seas seven months—was in that terrible storm of October last.—Little did I think, when I heard of those dreadful wrecks, and the many souls that perished, that I had a shawl at sea: if I had, I should have suffered a martyrdom!—Now is not it pretty?—Beautiful?—He assures me, his correspondent writes him word, “There is but one more such in all India.”—And I’m to wear it the first time on my wedding-day.

Miss ANGLE. It is very beautiful indeed.

Lady MARY. An’t you well, my dear?—You don’t seem to understand it’s value.—What do you say to it, Mrs. Fish?

FISH. Oh madam!—I like it of all things!—

Lady MARY. I dare say you do.—But come, my dear Miss Angle, what’s the matter with you? Since you first came to town, you are the most altered creature I ever saw!—

FISH. Your Ladyship does not think my mistress has lost any of her beauty, I hope?—

Lady MARY. As for that, Mrs. Fish, I dare say your Lady has made observation enough to know, that beauty is of little weight here;—
of

APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM. 3

of no signification at all!—Beauty in London is so cheap, and consequently so common to the men of fashion, (who are prodigiously fond of novelty) that they absolutely begin to fall in love with the ugly women, by way of change.—

FISH. And does your Ladyship think old women will ever come into fashion?—

Lady MARY. They are in fashion—they have been in fashion some time.—Girls, and young women, have made themselves so cheap, they are quite out.—

Miss ANGLE. I believe so.— (*Afide.*)

Lady MARY. As soon as the vulgar lay hold of any thing, the people of ton leave it off.—Such is the case with young women.—The vulgar have laid hold of them, and they are quite out.—

FISH. Oh dear me!—

Lady MARY. But come, my dear Angle, pluck up your spirits, against you know when—you are to be one of my bridemaids you know—Oh how I long to be away from lodgings, and in a house of my own—Mr. Walmsley says, he shall invite you to stay a day or two with us.—He likes you (stranger as you are to us both) very much I assure you.—He is a great admirer of virtue, in us females; and, notwithstanding his little oddities, would do any thing for a woman of character; and your refusing that vile Lord's odious addresses (which I inform'd him of) has interested him for you exceedingly.

B 2

Well,

4 APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM.

Well, heaven bless you—I can't stay—he'll be quite impatient. (*Going*) I may tell him you like the shawl I suppose?

Miss ANGLE. Beautiful, beyond measure!

Lady MARY. And you, Mrs. Fish?

FISH. Charming, ma'am.

Lady MARY. Did I tell you there was but one more such in all India? (*Coming back.*)

Miss ANGLE. You did.

Lady MARY. Only think of it's being in that storm! (*Exit.*)

Miss ANGLE. Would I had been in the storm, and had fallen it's victim!—

FISH. Dear madam!—

Miss ANGLE. Oh Fish, that woman's nonsense, at which you laugh'd, was graced with sentiments of the strictest truth!—Young women are no longer thought of here.—How rashly did I give credit to our foolish country people!—They told me, that, “Tho' only admired by them, in London I shou'd be adored—that beauty here was rare—that virtue”——

FISH. Well, madam, and that is rare, every body knows!

Miss ANGLE. But is it valued?—No.—As soon as I gave Lord Lighthead proofs of my possessing it, what was the consequence?—I have neither seen nor heard of him since.——

FISH.

APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM. 5

FISH. That's very odd!—For my part I thought him so much in love!—And sometimes I thought you looked a little.—

MISS ANGLE. That I felt a warmth—a something like tenderness for him, I own; but that it was the effect of love I will not pretend to say—It was perhaps the effect of hope—Pride too, had a great share in the agitation of my heart—and gratitude might have confirm'd the whole sensation love.—But, in the moment gratitude shou'd have been inspired, resentment, indignation, took possession—and I am now left solely to shame and disappointment.

FISH. Well!—it's very odd that a man should give himself so much trouble to come here after you, so many times as he did, and then all of a sudden never to come near you for a whole month.—I should not mind losing him, neither, if some duke or other great man would come instead of him; or even that strange young man we met on the road, as we came to town, and that was so kind to us when our chaise broke down.

MISS ANGLE. Honest creature!

FISH. Well, as sure as ever I was in love in my life, that young man and his servant were both as deep in love—

MISS ANGLE. With me?

FISH. No: the master with you, and the man with me.—But we, I thought, were coming to town to make our fortune, and so I was above making

6 APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM.

making it on the road.—For notwithstanding that young man looked so countrified, and had hardly a word to say for himself, he's worth thousands !—And poor Humphry, his servant, persuaded me to give him our direction ; that his master and he might come after us to London—And yet, to see the fickleness of man ! we have heard nor seen nothing of them.—But, dear madam, his Lordship runs most in my head—Perhaps he is sick ?

MISS ANGLE. No—he visits the drawing-room, constantly ; as we read in the papers.—I wonder what he would say if he was accidentally to meet me ?——

FISH. He'd fall in love with you as much as ever.—Suppose, madam, you was to write to him ?——

MISS ANGLE. For shame !

FISH. Dear madam, I know a few lines from you would cheer his heart, and he would be as dying for you as ever !—Oh ! when I have given him a letter from you, how he has jumped for joy ! how he has kiss'd it ! and how he has kiss'd me !——

MISS ANGLE. Could I write to him with any appearance of prudence—for instance ; upon any business—I should have no objection : it would at least remind him of me, and bring matters to a decision.

FISH. Then do, madam, contrive to write to him about some business.

MISS

APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM. 7

MISS ANGLE. What business can I pretend ?

FISH. Dear madam ! if you had a handsome piece of silk for a gown, or a diamond pin, or something of that kind, you might return it him back again.—

MISS ANGLE. Return it him again ! What do you mean ?

FISH. Why, madam, you might send it him back—as if you had received the present from a person unknown : and concluding that it *must* come from his Lordship, you had thought proper to return it—and so you might send him, with it, a fine long virtuous letter, that “ you wou’d not receive a present from a king, that had evil designs upon you,” and so on—and so on—and so on.—This, I am sure would make him ten times fonder of you than ever—for he would think some rival had been sending you the present in that anonymous manner, which had made you think it was him—and I know he wou’d.—

MISS ANGLE. I protest there is something in that scheme which pleases me.

FISH. Do it, madam—do it.

MISS ANGLE. But how can I ?—I have nothing of value—nothing that I cou’d suppose he wou’d send for a present, and which I could think of consequence enough to return.

FISH. What’s your watch, madam ?

MISS ANGLE. An old fashion’d thing !

FISH

3 APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM.

FISH. Lord ! I have thought of something !
The finest thing !—

Miss ANGLE. What ?—

FISH. Lady Mary Magpie's shawl—You
known ma'am, 'tis the finest thing in the world
—There is but one more such in all the universe.

Miss ANGLE. But the shawl is not mine !

FISH. No ma'am—but I dare say I know
where her ladyship has laid it, and I can get it.
(*Going to the door.*)

Miss ANGLE. For shame !

FISH. Dear madam, do you think I'd steal
it—It cou'd do it no harm to be a few hours at
his Lordship's—He'd send it back directly : you
may depend upon that—And then such a fine
thing ?—It would make him think that some
great man indeed had taken a fancy to you—
and he'd be so afraid of losing you.—

Miss ANGLE. Well !—I protest—if I
thought—

FISH. I can get it, ma'am, with all the ease
in the world—I dare say. (*Runs out.*)

Miss ANGLE. What will become of me ?—
Where will my folly end ?

Enter F I S H.

FISH. Yes—yes—ma'am, I can get it—her
Ladyship has spread it on the bed in the blue
chamber, and is gone out for the whole even-
ing

APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM. 9

ing ; and will sleep at her cousin's, Lady Beach's—her maid told me so in the morning.

Miss ANGLE. But suppose his Lordship should not return it ?

FISH. Laud ma'am ! do you think his Lordship will keep it, when he'll know he did not send it you ?—His Lordship is not a thief, I suppose—You'll have it back, ma'am, I'll answer for it in an hour or two, and himself with it.—The person shan't leave it ma'am, if his Lordship is not at home ; and then you'll be sure to have it in an hour or two—I'll go steal it—I'll go steal it. *(Going.)*

Miss ANGLE. Steal it !—

FISH. Take it, ma'am—not steal it. *(Exit.)*

Miss ANGLE. This scheme will at least renew our acquaintance—and that is all I want—for if, on the renewal, he appears cold, I will leave London instantly—if, on the contrary, he is as much in love as ever—

Enter FISH with the Shawl.

FISH. I have got it—I have got it—here it is.—Now, madam, come into your bed chamber and write a very affecting letter, while I do it up, and send for a porter.

Miss ANGLE. I protest I am frighten'd—tho' we take it but to return again.

FISH. Dear madam ! I am sure it is not in half the danger as when it was in the great storm ! *(Pulling her off.)* *(Exeunt.)*

C

SCENE

10 APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM.

S C E N E II.

A Chamber at Lord LIGHTHEAD's.

Enter Miss AUDLEY and THOMPSON.

MISS AUDLEY. What!—his Lordship is gone to see Lady Loveall, thus early, I suppose? or rather has staid with her thus late!

THOMPSON. You are just like her Ladyship, ma'am, for she is ever accusing my Lord of being with you—But I assure you, ma'am, his Lordship slept at home—(*a loud rap*) There he is, madam. (*Exit.*)

MISS AUDLEY. Yes—I have heard of her Ladyship's jealousy—and that she sometimes searches this whole house to find me.

Re-enter THOMPSON.

THOMPSON. Dear madam, I hear Mr. Walmesley's voice—my Lord's uncle, madam!—they are coming here—what shall we do, madam? My master will murder me, if his uncle should see you!—a cross old man, madam—knocks every body down that he does not like—and he has a great dislike to a fine lady—and, if he should see you here, such a life my Lord will have of it!

MISS AUDLEY. Oh! you need tell me no more.—I know Mr. Walmesley's character well.—Where can I go? I would sooner jump out of

APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM. 11

of the window than meet him—a cruel, unfeeling—piece of ice!

THOMPSON. Here, madam, step into my Lord's bed-chamber.

Miss ANGLE. His bed-chamber! Well, the creature won't stay long?

THOMPSON. Not above ten minutes, I dare say, ma'am. (*She goes into the chamber.*) *Exit. Serv.*

Enter Mr. WALMSLEY and Lord LIGHT-HEAD.

WALMSLEY. Don't tell me, my Lord—you are a bad man—a very bad man—you say in excuse for your vices, they are fashionable—but I, being out of the fashion, can call 'em only wicked.

Lord LIGHTH. What vices, Sir?

WALMSLEY. Why, you are a fellow that falls in love with every face you see; and yet admire your own more than any one of them.—You are a man whose purse is open to every gambler and courtesan, and is never shut, but to objects of real distress.

Lord LIGHTH. But how are you informed of this?

WALMSLEY. Hear it!—told of it by every body!—Do you think any thing but conviction would have forced me to the rash step I have taken?—Wou'd any thing but a certainty that you were unworthy to be my heir, have forced

12 APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM.

me to the desperate resolution of marrying, notwithstanding my natural aversion to opposition?

LORD LIGHTH. I hope, Sir, when you marry—

WALMSLEY. Hope! Pshaw!—I know well enough what marriage is—'Tis a poesy of thorns—nobody knows where to lay hold of it—'Tis a stormy sea, where nothing is to be expected but squalls, tempests and shipwrecks!—One cries, "Help"—another, "Lord have mercy upon us"—a third, "'Tis all over with us"—and fouse they all go into the ocean of calamity.

LORD LIGHTH. Then, for heaven's sake, Sir, if this is your opinion, decline your intention of marrying.

WALMSLEY. I can't—'tis too late—my word is pass'd.—Your indiscretions put me in a passion, and I took a rash step!—a step I never intended to take.—I offered a lady to marry her, in the heat of anger, and she took me at my word, before I had time to grow cool and recant.

LORD LIGHTH. How unfortunate!

WALMSLEY. I was not aware she would be so sudden!—but I was in such a violent passion;—all against you for your follies—I was devilish hot! I don't remember that I was ever in such a heat in my life! I strutted—and fretted—and walk'd—and talk'd—all in anger against you;

you ; which she took for love to her, and so was overcome in less than ten minutes.

LORD LIGHTH. Dear Sir, had I been present—

WALMSLEY. Why, then, I should have broken every bone in your skin !—But as it was—I vented my rage—in kissing the lady ; and won her heart without farther trouble.—It's impossible I could have won her so soon, but by my being in that violent rage ; for she's a particular, prudent, discreet, reserv'd, middle-aged woman ; and nothing but my great violence cou'd have had that effect upon her.

LORD LIGHTH. But, Sir, is it possible that you should pay attention to a rash promise in a moment of anger ?

WALMSLEY. My word !—My word is as dear to me as my honor—It is my honor—and I cannot keep one without keeping both.

LORD LIGHTH. But now you are cool, Sir.

WALMSLEY. Yes, I am cool—but now the lady is in a passion—and I must keep my word with her, tho' I am afraid she'll never find me *warm* on the subject again.

LORD LIGHTH. Dear Sir ? And all this to revenge yourself on me ? A man whose greatest faults arise merely from the report of malicious enemies.

WALMSLEY. Enemies !—Pshaw !—That's always your excuse !—But have not I enemies
as

14 APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM.

as well as you? And yet, I dare say, you never heard of my being caught gallanting my neighbour's wife?—Or walking arm-in-arm with a milliner? Or following fine ladies home to their lodgings?—Nor did you ever hear me accused of destroying a beautiful young woman's peace of mind—Did you?

Lord LIGHTH. I can't say I ever did, Sir.

WALMSLEY. Then don't pretend to deny the reports I have heard of you.—Don't I know that you were caught with Lady Love-all and——

Lord LIGHTH. I own, Sir, I have been very unfortunate as to Appearances—Appearances, and those alone, have been the ruin of my reputation;—accidents so strange, that no human wisdom cou'd prevent or avoid them—I have been found, for instance, with a female, whom I never had the smallest familiarity with, in the most suspicious situations; and only by mere accident.—

WALMSEY. And pray was that an accident when I caught you kissing my house-keeper's daughter, as if you'd devour her?

Lord LIGHTH. Yes, upon my word, Sir, that was an accident—entirely an accident.—My servant had just lost me a favorite spaniel, and, had the rascal been in the way, I shou'd have broken every bone in his skin; but, happening to meet with this poor girl, I vented my rage on her.

WALM-

APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM. 15

WALMSLEY. Then, I have only to say,
you have lost my estate by your accidents.

(*Enter Servant.*)

SERV. Lady Loveall, Sir, is in the parlour.

WALMSLEY. Is that an accident?

Lord LIGHTH. (*To the Serv.*) Blundering—
(*Aside.*)

SERV. I did not see Mr. Walmsley, Sir!—
A fine life I shall have for this! (*Aside, and Exit.*)

WALMSLEY. This is another accident!—
How dares that imprudent woman visit you?
—My blood runs cold at the thought of her
—for she was the cause of this rash step I
have taken!—It was hearing of your intrigue
with her that hurried me to the rash step of
marrying.—Let me get out of the house—
she's poison to me; and she knows it too, and
speaks to me, wherever I meet her, on purpose to
insult me.—Let me get away.—(*Goes to the door*)
Zounds she's coming here!—I won't see her!—
I shall be in one of my passion's if I do!—Where
shall I go?—Put me somewhere.

Lord LIGHTH. Here, Sir,—step into my
bed-chamber—I'll take her Ladyship to another
room immediately—and you may avoid her.

WALMSLEY. Oh, damn your accidents!—
But, thank heaven, you are no heir of mine—
you are out of my will.— (*He goes into the
bed-chamber.*)

Lord LIGHTH. And therefore may now of-
fend you without fear. (*Enter Thompson.*)
THOMP-

16 APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM.

THOMPSON. Where's Mr. Walmsley, Sir?

LORD LIGHTH. In my bed-chamber.—What did you want with him?

THOMPSON. Oh, dear Sir! Oh dear!—Miss Susan Audley is there, Sir!—I cramm'd her in, when I heard your Lordship and Mr. Walmsley on the stairs, for fear he should see her.—

LORD LIGHTH. Zounds!—but no matter!—I'm struck out of his will, and may defy him.—But I don't hear him—(*list'ning*) he can't have seen her?

THOMPSON. Perhaps, Sir, she's crept under the bed?

LORD LIGHTH. Very likely—for I know she would rather meet a tyger. What's become of Lady Loveall?

THOMPSON. William is trying to prevent her coming up, Sir:—for she says, it is not your uncle that you have with you, but a lady; and she will see her. (*Enter Lady Loveall.*)

LADY LOVEALL. So, my Lord.—What's the reason I am not to be admitted?—You've no company, neither!—Oh, you have been hiding, I percieve!

LORD LIGHTH. This way—come this way—I'll tell you who it is. Don't speak so loud.

LADY LOVEALL. None of your arts, my Lord. I will see who you have hid in your bed-chamber.

Lord

APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM. 17

Lord LIGHTH. I assure you 'tis my Uncle.
—Hush!—Come this way. (*Leading her off.*)

Lady LOVEALL. My Lord, you'll pardon me—but I can't.—

Lord LIGHTH. Hush! Hush! (*Exeunt, forcing her off.*)

S C E N E III.

A Bed-chamber, WALMSLEY discovered listening at the door.

WALMSLEY. Now I'll steal out—No—she's coming again.

Lady LOVEALL. (*Without*) I will see who you have in your bed-chamber—my curiosity shall be satisfied.

WALMSLEY. Shall it!—Then there must be neither closet nor cupboard in the room.—(*Goes to the closet.*) The devil take it, it's lock'd.

Lady LOVEALL. (*Without*) I will see who you have here,

WALMSLEY. You won't.—I'll get under the bed first.—Hold, I can't stoop—no matter—I'll hide myself under the counterpane—and madam shall be disappointed.—(*He gets in and pulls the clothes over his head.*) Now find me if you can!—I believe you'll be bit.

D

Enter

18 APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM.

Enter Lady LOVEALL and Lord LIGHT-HEAD.

Lady LOVEALL. Why here's no one here!

Lord LIGHTH. Now, I hope you are satisfied.—Where the devil is my Uncle? (*Aside.*)

Lady LOVEALL. Did not you tell me your Uncle was here?

Lord LIGHTH. Yes—but you expected to find somebody else.

Lady LOVEALL. And there is somebody else—(*Goes to the curtain and discovers Miss Audley*) A Lady! Oh you deceitful!—(*Sits down on Mr. Walmsley, shrieks, and runs across, while Walmsley rises up in the bed.*)—Ah! Ah! Ah! (*Shrieking*) I shall never recover the shock.

WALMSLEY. Why!—Why!—What is all this!—What a strange accident!—

Lady LOVEALL. I say accident, indeed!—

Lord LIGHTH. Accident! Uncle!

Lady LOVEALL. The severe, putitanical Mr. Walmsley!

Lord LIGHTH. Upon my word, Uncle, such a thing in my house—

Lady LOVEALL. Oh! Oh! Oh!

WALMSLEY. Oh! Oh! Oh!—Deuce take your Oh's.—My Lord, you used to have faith in accidents.—

Lord

APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM. 19

LORD LIGHTH. But you convinced me there were no such things.—And indeed, Uncle, tho' you may think lightly of this affair, I am very much concerned at it.—My reputation, as well as yours, is at stake—Such a thing to happen in my house.—Rat me, if I would have had it happened for the world!—

WALMSLEY. What has happened?—Nothing has happened! (To Miss Audley.)

LADY LOVEALL. Oh heavens!—My Lord, I ask your pardon for all my former suspicions of you and this Lady.

MISS AUDLEY. I must cry for vexation—for 'tis in vain to attempt to clear myself. (*Goes up the stage.*)

LADY LOVEALL. See the Lady in tears, Mr. Walmsley!—Oh! what a treat to teize him. (*Aside.*)

LORD LIGHTH. I beg that every means may be taken to put a stop to this affair getting abroad.—For my part, I declare never to breathe the circumstance to a mortal—and I dare say we may so far prevail on Lady Loveall.—

LADY LOVEALL. No, indeed—I am bound to no secrecy.—Mr. Walmsley has never been sparing of my reputation, nor will I of his—the world shall know it.

WALMSLEY. Why then, Nephew, upon my soul!—I wish I may die!—I wish I may never speak again!—I wish——

20 APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM.

Lady LOVEALL. Wish !—you used to pretend you had no wishes.

WALMSLEY. I don't speak to you—(*To Miss Audley.*) Pray, madam, be so good as to tell me how you came into that bed ?

Miss AUDLEY. 'Tis in vain to say—nobody will credit me. (*Exit Miss Audley.*)

Lady LOVEALL. Well, Mr. Walmsley, I'll bid you good morning—and, though I know you to be no friend of mine, yet permit a poor weak woman to give you this counsel—that now you are about to enter into the married state, you will not suffer these depraved inclinations, (even in youth a reproach) to ruffle that tranquillity which ought ever to attend on the honourable marriage bed. (*Exit.*)

WALMSLEY. Zounds ! I have not patience !—Honourable marriage bed ! Why her calling it honourable, would alone, have made me shudder at it, if I had not before,—That woman is the worst of all human—

Lord LIGHTH. Dear Sir !—

WALMSLEY. Why you know, my Lord, if it had not been for her, you wou'd have own'd that—that gipsy was put there to meet you—but this woman is my bane wherever I go—or whatever I do.—Oh ! that I could but once be reveng'd of her.—But I dare say I shall !

Lord LIGHTH. No more on this subject, Sir—I hope the Lady you are going to marry, may prove

APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM. 23

prove of a more amiable disposition—and that you will like her.

WALMSLEY. Why since I found I must have her, I've been trying night and day to like her—but I can't say I make much progress.—However, I'm tolerably civil, and give her a vast number of presents, as a cover for my want of affection.—She's expecting me now to go a shopping with her ; so good morning—you'll come to the wedding ?
(*Sighing.*)

Lord LIGHTH. Certainly!—when is the happy day, Sir ?

WALMSLEY. How dare you call it the “happy day ?”—You just heard me say it was the most wretched, miserable affair I ever had to do with in all my life, and now you are calling it the “happy day.”—

Lord LIGHTH. The *day* then, Sir—when is the day ?

WALMSLEY. Thursday (*sighing*)—the day after to-morrow—the 21st of December. (*Lord Lighthhead bows.*) Oh ! damme, the shortest day and the longest night.
(*Exit.*)

Enter S E R V A N T.

SERV. Sir, this parcel was left about half an hour ago, to be deliver'd into your Lordship's own hands, as soon as you were at leisure.

Lord LIGHTH. What is it ?—Is that the bill ?

SERV.

22 APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM.

SERV. This is a letter, Sir. (Exit.)

LORD LIGHTH. A letter !—(*Reads*)—" My Lord, altho' your Lordship has had the delicacy not to avow yourself the presenter of this valuable gift, yet, something whispers me, it can be none but your Lordship to whom I am indebted for so generous an intention.—But, my Lord, the intention only—permit me to remain obliged to you for.—The gift itself—honour, delicacy, and a thousand struggling sensations force me to return—and to add, that my residence in London has not yet so entirely eradicated those principles imbibed in the country, as to render a gaudy bait, even an allurement ; except in its being a proof, that your Lordship sometimes honours with a thought, the humble, but contented,

LOUISA ANGLE."

LORD LIGHTH. Angle ! Angle !—Which is that ? The girl at St. James's, or the girl at Westminster ?—Oh ! the girl at St. James's !—I don't remember sending her a present !—but I suppose I did, while I was mad for her—and now I have recovered my senses, I have forgot it.—What is it ? (*Opens the parcel*) Zounds ! but it is very handsome ! and the very thing to present to Lady Loveall.—It will reconcile her to me immediately—for I am afraid she suspects me, notwithstanding her behaviour before my Uncle.—How came I to be such an extravagant puppy, as to send that little gipsy such a present, and she to return it, now she finds I have given over my pursuit ?—

Faith

APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM. 23

Faith, I'm very glad she did.—Richard—(*Enter Servant.*) Bring me pen, ink, and paper. (*Exit Servant.*) I certainly ordered some of my people to fend this thing, but it has slipt my memory.—(*The servant brings in the pen and ink—his Lordship writes and gives him the letter.*)

LORD LIGHTH. Here—do up that parcel, and take it, with this letter, to Lady Loveall, directly.

SERV. Yes, Sir. (*Exit.*)

LORD LIGHTH. Egad, it came back at a very lucky time!—Her Ladyship doats upon a present! and such a present as that!—Such a shawl!—Oh yes—the shawl will make her friends with me at once. (*Exit.*)

S C E N E IV.

An Inn. CLOWNLY discovered.

CLOWNLY. What a journey have I and poor Humphry taken! and all perhaps for nothing! for if he should even find her, she may not be glad to see me.—(*Enter Humphry.*) Why, Humphry, I thought you were lost?

HUMPH. Ay, master, and you may think yourself well off I was not.

CLOWNLY. Well—but have you found where Miss Angle lives?

HUMPH. Yes—I have found her out—but such a time I was about it!—Why, Sir, she lives

24 APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM.

lives up by St, James's, or St. Giles's, I forget which !—but 'tis all the same.—And such a thing happen'd to me as I went along !—

CLOWNLY. What ?

HUMPH. Why just as I got to what they call the P. H'es, (a pretty place)—just as I got under cover, three or four, or five or six, (or egad, there might be a dozen) fine ladies met me ; and one of them did give me such a slap in the face ; the water came into my eyes again.—

CLOWNLY. What did she do that for ?

HUMPH. I can't tell for the life of me !—For I pull'd off my hat, and made them a civil bow—but faith, as soon as I felt the blow, I forgot my manners, for after madam I ran, and gave her such a shake—

CLOWNLY. You did not ?

HUMPH. But I did—and that was not the worst of it neither.—I made a sad mistake—for when I came to look, the lady had got a blue gown on, and she that gave me the blow was in red !

CLOWNLY. How cou'd you make such a blunder ?

HUMPH. Why, tho' their gowns were different, their faces were exactly the same colour.

CLOWNLY. But about Miss Angle—have you seen her, or her maid ?

HUMPH. Yes—I have seen Mrs. Fish ; and she says, that her Lady has done nothing but talk

talk of you ever since you left her on the road—and she desires you will go and see her Lady directly.—And she says too, that she'll get us a lodging in the same house before night; but that is to be kept a secret from her mistress.

CLOWNLY. I am very much obliged to Mrs. Fish for her contrivance; and I shall give her a very handsome present to satisfy her.

HUMPH. Lord, Sir, there is no occasion for that—I shall kiss her now and then, and I dare say that will be quite satisfaction enough. But come, Sir, we must go directly.

CLOWNLY. Do you know, Humphry, that my heart misgives me.

HUMPH. What! now you are so near seeing the Lady! Come, come, master, be merry.

CLOWNLY. Ah! Humphry; if I had continued poor—if I had never been your master, I might have been merry.

HUMPH. "Never been my master"—How can you talk so? Why, there are people in the world would give any money to be my master.—Why now, there's my wife—she'd give every farthing she has to be my master; but I tell her, No—No Jane, says I, you shall never be my master.

CLOWNLY. Oh, if I thought I should get Miss Angle—

HUMPH. I'll forfeit my head if you don't.—Have you not every thing to get her with?—

E

Fine

26 APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM.

Fine clothes, in your box there, and plenty of money.—I never heard of a woman that could not be got with fine clothes and plenty of money; nay, often, without either money or clothes.

CLOWNLY. But, I tell you, that won't do with her—there is something more required.—I can't talk to her—I am at a loss for words.—

HUMPH. You can't be at a loss for words, while you are courting!—Women will always give you two for your one.—I know my wife did—and egad, tho' we have left off courting, so she does now.

CLOWNLY. Come—I'll set off.—Call a coach.
(Exit.)

HUMPH. Ay, Sir, and I'll ride behind it, for fear I should get struck again.—'Tis very odd that any lady should wish to strike me.
(Exeunt.)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

Miss ANGLE's *Apartment*.

Enter Miss ANGLE and FISH.

FISH. **D**EAR Madam, let me persuade you to put on your other gown, for now his Lordship has kept it thus long, I dare say he'll bring it home himself.

Miss ANGLE. I begin to be uneasy.—Did the porter say, he was sure his Lordship was at home?

FISH. Quite sure, Ma'am—so we may expect him every minute; for he wou'd certainly have sent it back before now, if he had not intended to have brought it himself.—Do, Madam, change that ugly gown.—And what do you think of your other cap?—Your becoming cap?—Hark!—No—that's only a single rap.—The deuce take him, he has sent it home by a porter, perhaps?

Miss ANGLE. I don't care how, so I get it again—for I begin to be alarmed, lest by some accident—
(*Fish looks out of the window.*)

Miss ANGLE. Is it that?

FISH. No, Ma'am, 'tis the milk-woman.—Perhaps, Ma'am, his Lordship may'nt call with it 'till the morning.

E 2

Miss

28 APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM.

MISS ANGLE. Well, thank heaven, her Ladyship sleeps from home, you say; so she can't miss it to-night; and then, if we have heard nothing from him, you shall go after it, Fish—for as soon as her Ladyship comes home in the morning—

FISH. And the worst of it is—I am not sure she is to stay out all night!—

MISS ANGLE. You told me she was.

FISH. I did it for your good.—I knew you wou'd not have sent it to his Lordship, if I had not said so.

MISS ANGLE. Ridiculous!—And I still worse to listen to you.

FISH. Dear Ma'am, don't fret about it,—but think of Mr. Clownly.—I am sure he looks very beautiful; and so does his man, Humphry! And pray, ma'am, did not you see, by his master's looks, that he is in love with you?

MISS ANGLE. Pshaw!—

FISH. Nay, madam, you need not sneer at him; for if his Lordship shou'd never send back the shawl—

MISS ANGLE. Heavens!

FISH. We shall stand in need of a rich friend to make it up with Lady Mary. (*A loud rap.*) There's his Lordship!—That's his rap!—I know it so well; I cou'd swear to it at any time.—Now, madam, how do you look?—
vastly

APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM. 29

vastly well, I declare!—Lord, how well I know his rap!—(*Goes to the door.*) I wish I may die if it is not Lady Mary!—

Miss ANGLE. Oh! I shall faint!

FISH. The first thing she does, will be to look at her shawl.

Miss ANGLE. Run, fly—take a coach, and fly to Lord Lighthead's, with my compliments—I made a mistake—he did not send it—but another person—who now has claim'd it—and I must return it immediately.

FISH. Well, ma'am,—I'll do all I can,

Enter Lady MARY.

Lady MARY. Oh! Mrs. Fish!—Where are you going in such a hurry?

FISH. A little way, my Lady,—on—a little business. (*Exit. Fish.*)

Lady MARY. My dear Angle! I have been shopping.—(*Sits.*) Well, marriage is an expensive thing.—'Tis well it comes but once in one's life.

Miss ANGLE. With some people, Ma'am, it comes oftner.

Lady MARY. And with some, not at all—Now that was very near the case with me, 'till I struck Mr. Walmsley!—By the bye, he grows more and more attentive.—He has been taking me to the jeweller's—and see there!—All these are his presents.

Miss

30 APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM.

Miss ANGLE. How profuse!—

Lady MARY. But, my dear, you know all this is nothing to the shawl!—That, to be sure is the genteelest—most elegant present—as I live, here is the generous donor!

Enter WALMSLEY.

WALMSLEY. Ladies, I presume, I don't intrude?—Miss Angle, how do you do?—I beg pardon for not having called on you lately—I should—but I don't know—one is always happening of one accident or another, to prevent one's designs.—

Lady MARY. Very true.

WALMSLEY. Has your Ladyship been shewing Miss Angle any of your purchases?—

Lady MARY. Yes—and she's quite in love with your generosity!

WALMSLEY. Pshaw!—Pshaw!—No generosity at all.—Have you seen the shawl, Miss?—

Miss ANGLE. Yes, Sir.

Lady MARY. Yes—yes—I told you, you know, how much she admired it.—And even poor Fish seem'd to know its value.

WALMSLEY. Why, that shawl—

Lady MARY. I'll go fetch it.

Miss ANGLE. (*Holding her.*) Dear Madam, don't trouble yourself.—

Lady

APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM. 31

Lady MARY. What, would not you wish to see it again?

Miss ANGLE. Yes—Indeed, I would.—
But—

WALMSLEY. Are you sure you have seen it?—

Miss ANGLE. Yes, Sir,—very sure.—

WALMSLEY. (*To Lady Mary.*) Why then sit still.

Lady MARY. No, Mr. Walmsley, the tea is waiting.—Miss Angle, you must come and drink tea with Mr. Walmsley and me.—We came on purpose to fetch you.

WALMSLEY. Your Ladyship will excuse my stepping to a friend's in the next street.—I'll be back instantly.

Lady MARY. Certainly.—Come, Miss Angle—

Miss ANGLE. I'll wait on your Ladyship in a moment.

WALMSLEY. (*Sighing.*) Will your Ladyship honour me with your hand?

Lady MARY. (*Curtseys and smiles*) The honour is done to me, Mr. Walmsley.

WALMSLEY. So I think. (*Aside.*) Heigh ho! Heigh ho!
(*Leads her off.*)

Miss ANGLE. Their civility distracts me!—
How impatient I am for the return of Fish?
Enter

32 APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM.

Enter FISH, out of Breath.

Miss ANGLE. You have not been!

FISH. Dear Madam, I met with his Lordship in the street, going out with a heap of noblemen.—Oh! Madam, we are undone. (*Begins to cry.*)

Miss ANGLE. How? What? Don't keep me in suspense.

FISH. Why, Madam, I called his Lordship on one side; and do you know he had the impudence to say, he did give you the shawl—and he was much oblig'd to you for returning it.—

Miss ANGLE. Oh heavens!

FISH. And then when I cry'd, and took on—he offered to pay me for it—and what do you think he offer'd me?—

Miss ANGLE. I don't know!—

FISH. Five guineas.—He said, he had no more about him—so I thought I should get nothing else—and so I had better take that.—(*Shewing the money.*)

Miss ANGLE. You did not?—

FISH. Yes, ma'am—for I thought it might help to hire counsel to plead for us at the bar; for we shall certainly be taken up. (*Cries.*)

Miss ANGLE. Heavens!—Conceal your uneasiness.—I must go to Lady Mary directly—she expects me to tea.

FISH.

APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM. 33

FISH. Oh! How shall I ever look Lady Mary in the face?

Miss ANGLE. What distress—

FISH. Now, Ma'am—now for it (*List'ning at the door.*) I hear her in her chamber, and now she'll miss it.

Miss ANGLE. Stay with me, Fish, or I shall faint!

FISH. Dear Ma'am, don't look so frighten'd!—If you do, indeed I shall go into fits!—indeed I shall!—For I know Mr. Walmfley is such a cruel man, he'll hang us both, notwithstanding we are two such poor, little, innocent lambs.

Miss ANGLE. Be more on your guard.—

FISH. Ay, madam, we must put a good face on it, for if we don't she'll suspect us.—I won't cry any more I am determined.

Enter Lady MARY.

Lady MARY. My dear Angle, and my dear dear Fish, I am terrified out of my life! do you know I laid my shawl on the bed—spread it on with my own hands—turn'd and look'd at it again as I went out of the room, and saw it safe—and now 'tis gone—nor can I find it high nor low.

Miss ANGLE. Your Ladyship does not think it is lost?

FISH. Lost, ma'am!—that's likely indeed?—

F

We

34 APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM.

We have no thieves in this house, I am sure.—
You, (*To Miss Angle.*) I suppose ma'am, wou'd
not steal it?—And I don't know what a
poor servant, like me, should do with a shawl.
—I cou'd not wear it if I had it.—Besides, my
character——

MISS ANGLE. Hush, Fish!——

LADY MARY. I suspect no one, Mrs. Fish.—
Heaven forbid I shou'd—but the thing is gone:

FISH. Dear me, what a pity!——

MISS ANGLE. Is your Ladyship sure you
laid it on the bed?

LADY MARY. Sure—just as I told you.

FISH. How my Lady was it?—The long
ways on the bed, or the cross ways?—Thus!
(*Folding her handkerchief.*)

MISS ANGLE. Has your Ladyship enquired
below?

LADY MARY. Of every creature.—But no
one comes into my Apartments, but my own
servant, and she is just stept out.

FISH. Then she knows where it is I dare
say, ma'am.

LADY MARY. If she does not, I don't
know what I shall do—I believe I shall lose my
senses!
(*Sitting down.*)

MISS ANGLE. Dear madam! altho' it was
certainly a most valuable thing! yet consider—

FISH

APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM. 35

FISH. Ay, madam, confider it was faved from the ftorm as it came over.—You ought to blefs yourfelf you got it at all—tho' to be fure you have not had it long.

Lady MARY. Oh ! if I had never feen it, I had been happy !—I fhould not then have known my lofs.

Miss ANGLE. But, madam, you are not certain you have loft it—ftay till you fee your woman.

Lady MARY. I know fhe has not removed it.—I charged her not to touch it.—Oh ! 'tis gone ! 'tis gone ! 'tis gone !
(*Rifing.*)

FISH. (*In the fame tone.*) Oh ! that I did but know who had got it !

Lady MARY. Come hither Betty—(*Enter Betty*) you never faw your poor Lady in fuch diftrefs in your life.—Did you touch my fawl ?

BETTY. No, my Lady—I never touch any thing.

Lady MARY. I told you fo.—And did you let nobody into my bedchamber ?

BETTY. No, my Lady—but I faw Mrs. Fift come out there this morning.

FISH. Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

BETTY. Indeed, Mrs. Fift, I did.

FISH. Oh dear ! Oh dear ! Oh dear !

36 APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM.

Lady MARY. What do you cry for, child? If you took it, confess, and I'll forgive you.

FISH. I took it, ma'am?—no ma'am—that's not what I cry for.—'Tis because I am sure I shan't live long.—For, if she saw me come out of your Ladyship's room, it was my apparition; and you never live long after your apparition has been seen to walk.

Miss ANGLE. But were you there?—Do you know any thing of it?

FISH. No more than you do, ma'am.

(Exit Betty.)

Lady MARY. Well! I pity poor Mr. Walmsley.—It is a hard thing to say—for it will be a great disappointment to him—but I don't think I'll marry if I have lost it.—No, if I have lost it I won't be married—

Enter Mr. WALMSLEY.

WALMSLEY. Ladies, I come to tell you—

Lady MARY. (*Walking in a rage.*) Don't teize me—don't argue with me—don't attempt to shake my resolution.—I won't marry you.

WALMSLEY. Did I hear right?—Or did my ears deceive me?—You won't marry me?

Lady MARY. No.—

WALMSLEY. The bells shall ring, *notwithstanding*.—The poor ringers shan't lose their fee!—And I'll give a dinner too—a very good dinner!—a better dinner than I intended.

Lady

APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM. 37

Lady MARY. Sir!

WALMSLEY. Here's an accident!—Why, it will make me more than amends for that unlucky one in the morning! (*Aside.*)

Lady MARY. What does he say?

WALMSLEY. I was saying, I must give a very elegant entertainment on Thursday, notwithstanding the match is broken off.—And I believe I shall write to my tenants and have a bullock roasted.

Lady MARY. There!—Do you hear him!

Miss ANGLE. Dear Mr. Walmsley, her Ladyship has been only in joke.

WALMSLEY. And 'tis the best joke I ever heard.—Miss Angle, I never asked her to have me but once.—I happened to be in a violent passion, and I did ask her once.

Lady MARY. There!—He owns his violent passion.

WALMSLEY. But it was not for you.—However, I was in a passion, and she snap'd me up.—You took me at my word, and now I take you at yours; and we have done with each other.

Lady MARY. Cruel savage!—I dare say he has stolen the shawl himself, on purpose to break off the match.

WALMSLEY. What shawl?

FISH. Why, Sir, the fine grand one you were

38 APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM.

were so good as to give her Ladyship : some wicked wretch has been making free with.

Lady MARY. Yes—'tis lost—'tis gone.—Don't you pity me ?

WALMSLEY. No.—I am vastly glad.

Lady Mary. Oh ! Heavens !—This is the man that is to be soon my husband—The partner of all my joys ! and all my sorrows !

WALMSLEY. No.—Your Ladyship's sorrows are too violent—and if your joys had proved the same, egad, I don't know which would have been the most insupportable.

Miss ANGLE. Dear Sir, her Ladyship was so much agitated merely because it was a present from you.

WALMSLEY. Well, Miss—but where the deuce is it ?—Who has been in the house ?

Miss ANGLE and Lady MARY. No creature.

FISH. The Rats carried away one of my shoes last night, and eat a great hole in my apron.

WALMSLEY. I will find out what Rat has got it—I'll go to Bow-street directly.—You are sure nobody has been here to-day ?—Who was that countryman I met on the stairs this morning ?

FISH. A Mr. Clownly, Sir.—A gentleman that call'd to see my mistress, because we all happened to be fellow travellers on the road—Laud ! sure he did not take it ?

WALMSLEY.

APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM. 39

WALMSLEY. I'll be damn'd if he did not!

Miss ANGLE. Dear Sir!

WALMSLEY. Write me down his name, Mrs. Fish, (or at least the name he goes by) and where he is to be found, if you know.

FISH. Oh yes, Sir.

Miss ANGLE. Heavens! Dear Sir, you judge wrong.—I am sure he did not take it.

FISH. Now I have some little reason to think he did—Here's his direction, Sir.

Lady MARY. The country gentleman you told me of—Do you suspect him, Miss Angle?

Miss ANGLE. No, ma'am—no.—(*Aside.*) What can I do? I dare not confess.—Lord Lighthead may justly say I sold it him.—What will become of me?

WALMSLEY. Well, Miss Angle, I can do this gentleman no harm in having him taken up, and hearing what he has to say for himself—and I'll about it directly.—Her Ladyship has had one loss already, in losing me, and I don't think 'tis right she should have another.—Besides, I have now a value for the thing.—Who wou'd have thought that little shawl wou'd have turned out of such consequence? Providence preserved it from the storm at sea, to save me from a worse storm on land. (*Exit.*)

Lady MARY. I'll be as gentle as Zephyrs.—Plead for me, speak for me, dear Miss Angle.

Miss

40 APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM.

MISS ANGLE. I will, Madam.—It is my duty.—Depend upon it I will reconcile you.

Enter BETTY.

BETTY. Dear my Lady, as Mr. Walmsley went out, he bid me observe if I should see the country gentleman, or his man, who were here this morning; for that he believed they were both no better than two highwaymen; and so, Madam, the servant is just come up to the back door;—and so I'm come to let your Ladyship know.

LADY MARY. I'm sorry Mr. Walmsley is gone.

BETTY. Shall I go for a constable, Ma'am?

LADY MARY. No—we'll proceed by fair means first.—Fish, you know the servant, go you and call him in; and I'll question him.

FISH. Dear, my Lady! A poor ignorant creature!—He knows nothing!—You won't understand him, nor make him understand you.

LADY MARY. Oh, that ignorance may be pretended—put on for the time. Call him in.—Why don't you go?

FISH. (*Going.*) What can I say to him? If she should call him a thief, he'll perhaps serve her as he did the woman in the Piazza. (*Exit.*)

MISS ANGLE. These harmless creatures are no thieves.

Lady

APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM. 41

Lady MARY. Dear Miss Angle, I wish to do them no injury—for if I could but secure Mr. Walmsley once more, I did not care if every thief in London was set at liberty.—Here the man comes.—What a hanging look he has?—I hope he has not got pistols about him.—Let us draw this way. *(They retire.)*

Enter FISH and HUMPHRY.

FISH. Lady Mary, my mistress's particular acquaintance, wants to ask you a few questions.—What shall I say to him? *(Aside.)* She is a comical kind of a woman!—You must know she has been out to dinner—and whenever that is the case, she always—you understand me—*(Putting her hand up to her mouth as if she were drinking.)* and then she comes home in such an ill temper, there is no peace or quietness for her.

HUMPH. That is so like my wife!

FISH. She'll ask you a heap of foolish questions, but don't you mind her—only say, Yes; and No; and so on.

HUMPH. Ay, that just suits me.—I can say Yes; and No; and am never at a loss.—But, hark ye, she don't fight in her cups, I hope; I've had one blow already you know.

Lady MARY. *(Coming forward)* So Mr. Humphry. What shall I say to him? *(Aside.)* Your name is Humphry, I think?

G

HUMPH.

42 APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM.

HUMPH. Yes, Madam—I'm much oblig'd to you.

Miss ANGLE. This is insupportable. (*Exit.*)

Lady MARY. And pray, how do you like London?

HUMPH. Very well, I thank you, Madam; pray how do you like it?

Lady MARY. This folly is put on. (*Aside.*) Pray, Mr. Humphry, have you any acquaintance in town?

HUMPH. None: except your honour.—I have no acquaintance to give me a drop of any thing to drink.—And, you know, your Honour, that's a sad thing.

Lady MARY. I do know it—and you shan't want for something to drink.—Better prevail on him by kindness, and he may discover all. (*Aside.*) Here is something for you to drink. (*Gives him money.*)

HUMPH. Thank your Honour.—Well, I declare your staunch drinker's have more generosity than any people in the world! (*Aside.*)

Lady MARY. I am at a loss how to accuse this man, tho' I am sure either he or his master is guilty. (*Aside.*) Mr. Humphry, I am very sorry——

HUMPH. Your Honour!—

Lady MARY. I say, I am very sorry—very sorry, indeed—

HUMPH.

HUMPH. Oh! Madam, never be sorry about it.—For my part, I should hardly have found it out, if I had not been told of it.—Besides, nobody has any thing to do with it, but yourself;—and if they had, you are such a good companion (*Looking at his money*) nobody can be angry with you.

Lady MARY. What do you mean?—No cross-purposes—but answer me directly.—Do you know any thing of my shawl?

HUMPH. Your what, Ma'am?—Your shawl? Ha, ha, ha, ha!—Oh! you'll have a fine headache for this to-morrow morning.

Lady MARY, What?

HUMPH. I would not be so ill as you'll be for five guineas.

Lady MARY. The fellow is laughing at me!—Fish, call a constable; I'll have him taken up.

HUMPH. Take me up!—Lord, Ma'am, do you lie down—only for half an hour—only just for half an hour—you can't think how refresh'd you'll be.—It will clear all this away; (*Pointing to his head*) and you'll be quite another woman.

Lady MARY. What do you mean?

HUMPH. Nay, I know a nap is of vast consequence to me, at these times—especially when my liquor makes me ill-tempered.

44 APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM.

Lady MARY. The man's mad—I'll have him secured directly.—Call a constable.

HUMPH. Do, your Honour, let me persuade you to take a basin of camomile tea.—

Enter Miss ANGLE.

Lady MARY. Miss Angle, come hither.—Did you ever hear such an insult?—Fish—Fish—Call all the people of the house.—Who's there?—Come and secure this robber.—My anger is rous'd, and I'll be reveng'd.—

HUMPH. How like my wife!

Miss ANGLE. Dear Madam—

Enter CLOWNLY.

CLOWNLY. What's the matter?

Miss ANGLE. Mr. Clownly, I rejoice to see you!—Lady Mary has had some altercation with your servant, but I believe he has not been to blame.

HUMPH. How her poor head will ach for this!
(*Exit. taking off Fish.*)

CLOWNLY. (*To Lady Mary.*) Dear Madam, have the goodness—

Enter WALMSLEY.

WALMSLEY. I have done the job.—The thief is taken—and who do you think it is?—The very person in the world!—By Jupiter! I would

APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM. 45

would not have lost the pleasure of taking her up for fifty times the value of the thing.—I caught her just as she was going into Covent Garden theatre, with the goods upon her.—So with the help of one of the playhouse constables, I handed her (in spite of her squalling) into a coach, and have brought her here that she may be properly exposed.

Lady MARY and Miss ANGLE. What can this mean ?

WALMSLEY. (*Speaking loud.*) Desire the constable to bring up the woman in custody.—Sir, (*To Clownly.*) whoever you are, I beg your pardon—you are not a thief, that I know of—if you are, that's best known to yourself.—I'm a little busy, Sir, at present—you'll excuse me !—Constable, bring up the prisoner !—Why don't you come ?—Surely there never was such an accident !

Enter CONSTABLE *with* Lady LOVEALL.

WALMSLEY. There !—You see the goods are upon her !

Lady LOVEALL. Insupportable !—Have not I affirmed, that it was presented to me by Lord Lighthhead ?

Miss ANGLE. I am tortured ! (*Aside.*)

Lady LOVEALL. It is not to be borne ?—Sir, you know 'tis mine.—This is only a scheme, on purpose to distress me, in revenge for what I discovered this morning !

WALMSLEY.

46 APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM.

WALMSLEY. Ay, you were vastly pleased at that.—And now 'tis only evening, and I have discovered something that pleases me.

Lady LOVEALL. Very well—go on.—But I have sent my servant to Lord Lighthouse, to inform him of this affair, and I am certain the moment he has found him, his Lordship will come and clear me !

WALMSLEY. There wants no clearing !—Every thing is clear enough !

Enter Lord LIGHTHEAD.

Lord LIGHTH. Dear Uncle !—Dear Lady Loveall ! What's the matter ?—Just as I was stepping into my coach, a summons came to me, to attend you upon life and death.—What's the matter ?

WALMSLEY. No,—no death in the case.—I believe nothing more than hard labour on the Thames.

Lord LIGHTH. Sir, altho' you are my Uncle, this insult to a Lady with whom I have the honour to be acquainted, is not to be suffered.—I presented the Lady with that shawl.—It was sent to me by this Lady, (*Pointing to Miss Angle*) and a few hours after she sent it, her servant received five guineas for it.

Miss ANGLE. 'Tis true.—I confess it.—Guilt and shame overpower me !

WALMSLEY. (*To Miss Angle.*) Why the de-

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APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM. 47

vil did you confefs ? Nobody would have feen it in your face !—Besides, you have robb'd me of the pleasure of conducting her Ladyship to a prison ; and damn me, if I ever met with so great a disappointment.

Miss ANGLE. Conduct me, Sir—I am ready to attend you.

Lady MARY. She has destroyed my peace—and I shall see her go to prison without a fig.

CLOWNLY. But I would not, without losing my life.—Madam, I'll satisfy you for whatever loss you may have sustained by this Lady.

Lady MARY. You can't satisfy me.—I've lost Mr. Walmsley.

WALMSLEY. Ay, now ask her, what she demands for me.

Lady MARY. I shall take nothing less than the gentleman himself.

WALMSLEY. Well—I like her for that—she does not undervalue me.

Miss ANGLE. Mr. Clownly, while you imagine you are giving your protection to a thief only—you are protecting a more despicable character.—Had poverty seduced me to the crime of which I am accused, less wou'd have been my remorse, less ought to have been the censure incurred—But vanity—folly—a mistaken confidence in that gentleman's honour, and my own attractions, prompted me to avail myself of a contemptible scheme, in order to regain his acquaintance

48 APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM.

quaintance, which (admitting what he profess'd to me real) he himself wou'd have rejoiced at.—But the event has proved and discovered both our hearts—nor can I reproach him with the cruelty of his, while I experience the most poignant reproofs of an inward monitor for the guilty folly of my own.

Lady LOVEALL. And so this was only a scheme for the Lady to procure a husband.—Here, Lady Mary, is your beloved shawl.—Take it, and take care——

WALMSLEY. Yes, do you take care of that, and I'll take care of myself.—Yet, I don't know, perhaps I may have her ; but if I may judge by appearance——

Lord LIGTH. On that witness, who in company has not, throughout the adventures of this day, appeared culpable?

WALMSLEY. Very true.—Even I myself at one time made no very innocent figure.—These adventures shall then be a warning to us, never to judge with severity, while the parties have only appearances against them.

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